1970

13
Volume ~~12~~––Number 1
May 1970

Archives
MSMC

WESTWORDS is published quarterly
(in theory) by the students of
Mount St. Mary's College
Los Angeles, California 90049

Editor
Cathy Herdering

Art Editor
Jane Marshall

Editorial Board
Sue Bingham
Lauri Brass
Margie Flynn
Carol Laderer
Ruth Laso
Stephanie Lewis
Pat Lombardi
Margaret A. McClean
Donna Pannone
Diane Reiser
Mona Vance

Artists and Photographers
Elane Camuti
Andrea Kuenn
Jane Marshall
Rose Mary Perrino
Jo Anne Preston

Layout
Sue Bingham
Jane Marshall
Margaret A. McClean

Advisor
Sister Laurentia, CSJ

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://archive.org/details/westwordsmay197013unse

Incongruous Spring:

A Note from the Editor

CATHY HERDERING

"Nothing fits!"

Jane's comment made the observation universal. She thought then, "Incongruous." The artists were swimming, helpless, with this abstraction when Sister St. George tossed us "Spring." So our theme, "Incongruous Spring."

Relationships hide in unexpected corners, however. Our own Mount sweeps down to become the floor of L.A. Sage and laurel chaparral dries above blue-cream ocean. Spring has eastered from winter.

This "Incongruous Spring" has grown similar harmonies. "fragments under the noon-day sun" begins our *Westwords* with a garden overcast by the "Georgic for DDT." Catullus' love poetry perhaps softens, perhaps heightens the bitterness of "Hey Peddlerman." The "Sacred Art" of splattered red tomatoes makes an interesting comment on "Honeycomb of Folderol: An Analysis of Ned O'Gorman's 'L'Annuciazione.' "

The tensions of subject, mood, and theme have twined themselves into a coherence, of sorts. We watched it grow. The rising tangle of comment, counterpoint, and juxtaposition was our own spring. We hope you enjoy it.

Table of Contents

ESSAYS

Incongruous Spring: A Note from the Editor 3
Minutiae in Dictione Poetica Catulliana —— *Mary Ellen Gormican* 9
Honeycomb of Folderol: An Analysis of Ned O'Gorman's "L'Annuciazione" —— *Cathy Herdering* 18
Ingenium Facetiarum Terenti —— *Mary Ellen Gormican* 23
"God" and the Logical Positivist —— *Cathy Herdering* 28
La Despedida —— *Diane Heiss* 47

POETRY

fragments under the noon-day sun —— *Sister Beatrice Alop, CSJ* 6
Georgic for DDT —— *Liz Rohrs* 7
Hey Peddlerman —— *Laurie Brass* 13
Sacred Art —— *Sister Beartice Alop, CSJ* 14
L'Annuciazione —— *Ned O'Gorman* 16
Upstairs, Downstairs —— *Mona Vance* 25
With Flourishing Typewriter —— *Mona Vance* 26
Twelve Ways of Looking at a Cash Register —— *Margaret A. McClean* 38
Malibu Dane —— *Cathy Herdering* 42
A Little Weird —— *Mona Vance* 44
100% Synthetic —— *Annette Jacobson* 45
Washington Square —— *Sue Bingham* 46
Winter's Prelude —— *Lauri Brass* 48
seasons: changing themes —— *Sister Beatrice Alop, CSJ* 50

fragments under the noon-day sun

i
le jour est trés charmant
take
and eat

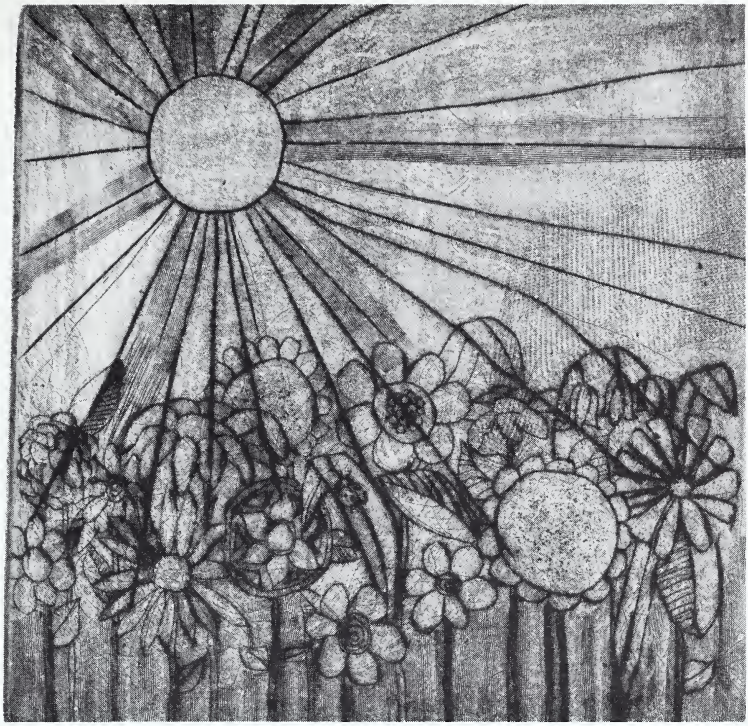
ii
leaves shimmer
the wind kisses tree shadows away
butterflies flitter
and flirt

iii
rat-a-tat, waterbirds
airplanes hum
lister! Mary sings her fiat

iv
grass invites
"lay down your head
tastesmelltouch
my peace"

v
Voilà
le bon dieu

SISTER BEATRICE ALOP, CSJ



Georgic for DDT

the green and golden plots
march in rigor mortis
to clamp
and clasp the feet
of Purple Mountains' Majesties.
painted
in oils and with Petroleum Products,
on the logrighmically–divided palette,
the hapless squares grope
for the springing hills
from whence cometh their help.

LIZ ROHRS

Minutiae in Dictione Poetica Catulliana

MARY ELLEN GORMICAN

Economy of expression is one of the most salient features of poetic diction. In poetry, emotion is captured and conveyed in expressions carefully chosen for their compactness and vividity. The skilled poet makes every word of his poem "work" for him: each word he selects is a semantic carrier, by virtue of its content or its form. Consummate skill in poetry would seem to consist in making a greater proportion of words contribute, by both form and content, to the semantic unity of the poem.

As a Latin poet of the first century B.C., Gaius Valerius Catullus revealed a high degree of this skill in the lyric poetry he wrote. The speech Catullus uses reflects his own hot-blooded nature—passionate, impetuous, swift to hate or deride. His love poetry abounds in stylistic features which reinforce the vigor and intensity of his feelings: alliteration, anaphora, diminution. Catullus' use of diminutives is perhaps the most effective of his tools, for it affords him the opportunity to portray a wide spectrum of emotion under the cover of a single distinctive word form.

Diminutives in Catullus' poetry are most commonly employed for the expression of loving tenderness. In c.3, Catullus' lament for the death of Lesbia's sparrow, we find the following phrase:

> *Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli*
>
> Her lovely eyes are all red and swollen from crying

This expression is notable for its double use of the diminutive form: the noun *ocelli* and the adjective *turgiduli*. They lend the poem a special delicacy

and intensity of feeling otherwise difficult to achieve.

C.61, one of the marriage poems, provides a similar example of diminution conveying tenderness:

Mitte bracchiolum teres,
Praetextate, puellulae

Let go the lovely, delicate arms
of the sweet maiden, o youth

Again, the occurrence of two diminutive forms within such a short phrase enhances the mood of gentle beauty that the poet wishes to convey.

In c.65.6, Catullus uses the following expression:

Namque mei nuper Lethaeo gurgite fratris
Pallidulum manans adluit unda pedem

For just now, in the pool of Lethe
My brother's poor pale foot was wet and washed

Here the diminutive expresses affection and a gentle regret at the death of Catullus' brother.

A second common usage of the diminutive in Catullus' poetry involves the expression of derision and scorn. In c.6, the poet pesters a certain Flavius to reveal a love affair which Flavius has tried to conceal. The poet says: (6.4)

Verum nescio quid febriculosi
Scorti diligis

I really don't know what sort of fever-hot
tramp you fancy

The reader suspects that the poet's derision is mingled with frustration at being "kept in the dark" with regard to Flavius' activities.

C.8 contains Catullus' appeal to himself to show some dignity in his reaction to Lesbia's coldness. In v.18 he reproaches Lesbia,

Quem basiabis? cui labella mordebis?

Whom will you kiss? Whose little lips will
you bite?

In his white-hot anger, the poet derides any potential lover of Lesbia's who receives the attentions he is missing.

In c.25, the poet accuses a certain Thallus of thieving at the banquet-table, which seems to have constituted a peculiar sort of effeminacy. The poet's invective concludes: (25. 10-11)

Ne laneum latusculum manusque mollicellas
Inusta turpiter tibi flagella conscribillent

Or that wooly little side and those softy paws
will have whip-marks scribbled on them

The diminutives here, sarcastic in tone, are reinforced by the animal imagery to give a picture of weak worthlessness.

C.57 provides still another instance in which the use of diminutives lends a note of derision and scorn. The poem is an attack on Julius Caesar and his friend Mamurra, and in v.6 and 7 we read:

Morbosi pariter gemelli utrique
Uno in lecticulo erudituli ambo

Little twins with the same disease
Sharing the same little study-couch

The poet-speaker, in his criticism of Caesar and Mamurra's moral life, makes sarcasm a most effective tool.

A third use of the diminutive form is found in expressions of special vividity or whimsey. Such an expression occurs in c.13, an invitation to Fabullus to eat a dinner which he himself must provide. In v.7-8 we read:

Cenabis bene; nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est aranearum

. . . You'll eat well; for Catullus'
little purse is full of cobwebs

This is a delicate touch; the use of the diminutive somehow gives the reader the impression that even when carrying something besides cobwebs the purse is not very capacious.

Another touch of whimsey achieved through use of the diminutive occurs in c.28, a poem addressed to two associates of Piso who returned penniless from serving him in Macedonia. The poet's gentle sympathy is revealed in v.1-2:

Pisonis comites, cohors inanis
Aptis sarcinulis et expeditis

Penniless comrades of Piso,
with your little bags fitted out and ready
to go

Here, the *sarcinulis* are *aptis* but *inanis* —all packed, but with nothing.

The use of diminutives is one of the most characteristic features of Catullus' poetic language. Whether revealing his tender affections, expressing his derisive scorn, or adding touches of delicate whimsey, the diminutive forms abounding in Catullus' poetry add a conciseness and clarity of expression which complement his overall stylistic technique.

Hey Peddlerman

Hey peddlerman,
can you sell me peace?
or maybe just a Jesus-baby for my little girl.

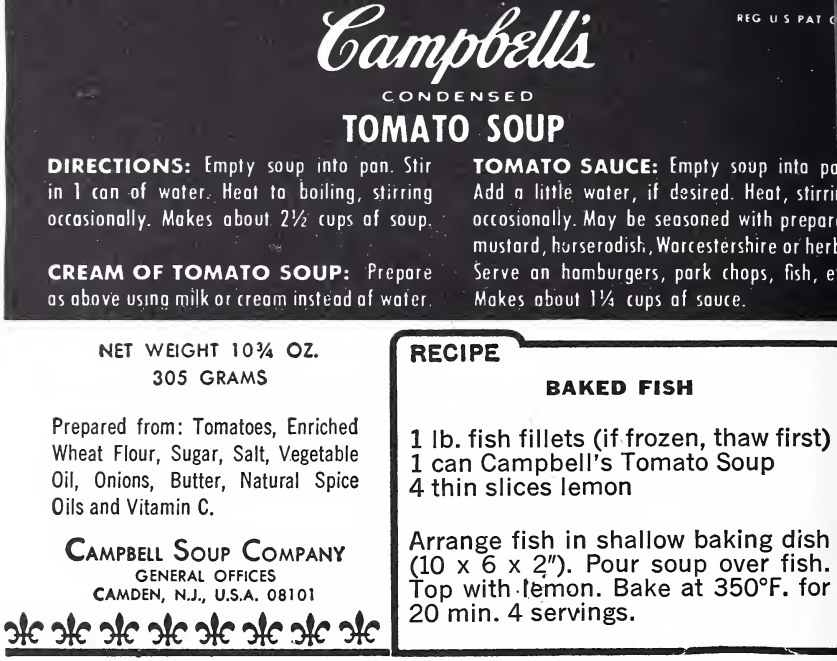
My little girl knows all about
that baby King of Bethlehem.
She goes to Sunday school
and comes home singing,
"Praise the Lord Jesus."
I pray to the Lord too,
that he don't strike us all dead.

My little girl goes to school
and learns all about geography.
She tells me there's more than thirty
billion men living on this here earth--
and all speaking Chinese and French and
African. It makes me think of the Babel
Tower, all those ways of talking.

My little girl come home yesterday
and asked what a bomb race was.
Lord, I don't know how to explain war
to a child. She wanted to know
how you win--if you just run real fast.
Lord, I bet those soldiers in the Jew-
land and Vietnam wish they could run
so fast and so far.

Oh peddlerman,
can you sell us peace?
or maybe just a Jesus-baby for all our little girls.

LAURI BRASS



Sacred Art

What's the criterion
for modern art?
Is a splattered red tomato
the Sacred Heart?

How about
Jesus-baby's mom?
Does she always have
to look so glum?

And poor St. Joseph
haloed in gold
Is he really
sweet, pious, and old?

SR. BEATRICE ALOP, CSJ

Campbell's

CONDENSED

TOMATO

NET WT. 10¾ OZ. **SOUP**

L'ANNUNCIAZIONE

from Bellini

An angel stepping through her window said:
I come to you, a sign from him who sent me.
And leaving then her unbelief she told
the incident from off the sill
and bade it sit before her on the floor.

There was nothing like the fear she felt;
to have a winged and sudden thing
appear to her with not a trumpet or
a trace of wind. She bade him come and say,
if anything would say it well, the news.

He said: I bring you barns and donkeys,
satraps and camel humps, one dozen sheep,
their shepherds and their smell, a star,
a raging king, his sharp knife and a man
who cuts out windows, doors and chairs.

She said: I am used to walking and no grand
folderol of yours will still the flying wind
nor feign trumpets out of silence; connive away,
there's breach enough in any God
to answer you. I have no truck with incidents.

He said: I bring you meadow and winter,
cypress and river, white oxen in the sun,
a boy whose eyes scare dolphins high
as kites; the beautiful mirror of the incessant
zero; I bring you contradiction.

She said: I'll leave you now, you incident,
and from my sight you'll fly, leaving
your wing's shadow caught on that shutter,
your spine breaking the light. I must get
off the dream and back to filling jars.

He said: I bring you flaring squares, circles,
perpendiculars, and trapezoids; I bring you
color from the sun. I bring you
folderol. You'll be Jehovah's honeycomb.
I bring you caravans, a burglary.

She said: I will behave as filling jars were
all my life; I will decide to have a walk,
and incident, I shall not dance again
nor tremble when some doubtful thing steps on my sill.
And fell from heaven a dominion in her womb.

—Ned O'Gorman

Honeycomb of Folderol: An Analysis of Ned O'Gorman's "L'Annunciazione"

CATHY HERDERING

> In the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent by God to a town in Galilee named Nazareth, to a virgin betrothed to a man named Joseph, of the House of David; and the virgin's name was Mary. He went in and said to her, 'Rejoice, so highly favored! The Lord is with you.' She was deeply disturbed by these words. (Luke 1: 26–29)

An angel hopping through one's kitchen window, without the least warning, would be rather startling. The ensuing conversation might understandably be disjointed—particularly with the angel spouting fantastic, omnious praise and prophecy. What should a nice girl do? Ned O'Gorman's virgin Mary, for one, turns skeptic.

The poem is an eight stanza narrative, primarily in dialogue; a verbal rendition of "L'Annunciazione," a drawing by the Fifteenth Century Venetian, Jacopo Bellini. O'Gorman's translation of the drawing is rich in detail, highly symbolic and abstract, charged with emotions, implications, and a conception of God not present in the lean Gospel account.

What happens in the poem? The first stanza is simple and abrupt:

> An angel stepping through her window said:
> I come to you, a sign from him who sent me.
> And leaving then her unbelief she told
> the incident from off the sill
> and bade it sit before her on the floor. (i. 1-5)

An angel, it seems, appears at the girl's window introducing himself cryptically as "a sign from him who sent me" (i. 2). "Leaving then her unbelief," or common sense, "she told/ the incident from off the sill" (i. 3,4). The word "incident" is significant—this angel is not accepted as a person, but as an object.

As he settles on the floor at her feet, the girl is terrified. Yet she remains composed.

> There was nothing like the fear she felt;
> to have a winged and sudden thing
> appear to her with not a trumpet or
> a trace of wind. She bade him come and say,
> if anything would say it well, the news. (ii. 6-10)

In response to her request for "news," the "thing" at her feet produces a string of recast Christmas images. His careful enumeration does not indicate whether she is to regard these as blessing or curse:

> He said: I bring you barns and donkeys,
> satraps and camel humps, one dozen sheep,
> their shepherds and their smell, a star,
> a raging king, his sharp knife and a man
> who cuts out windows, doors and chairs. (iii. 11-15)

These "gifts" seem at least partially comprehensible to the girl.

She answers him with proud refusal and disdain; perhaps even with a smile at his absurd, rather than tempting, list:

> She said: I am used to walking and no grand
> folderol of yours will still the flying wind
> nor feign trumpets out of silence; connive away,
> there's breach enough in any God
> to answer you. I have no truck with incidents. (iv. 16-20)

Not even a "winged and sudden thing" can command such impossibilities as satraps, stars and raging kings (ii. 12-14); this is simply "grand folderol."

What verification can the girl offer to substantiate this skepticism? Only that "There's breach enough in any God/ to answer you" (iv. 19, 20). So universal a God can be offered as witness to virtually any refutation or refusal she chooses to offer. Certainly she would be supported in her declaration, "I have no truck with incidents" (iv. 20)—particularly when such incidents speak in blatant absurdities!

Inadvertently, however, she has allowed a double-edged concept into her argument, an inviting basis for delicious irony. If "there's breach enough in any God/ to answer" the angel as she wishes, surely that angel, and even more so, the God, can turn that breach against her. As the poem develops, such is the plot.

The "incident" now offers a second set of prophecy-gifts in images of Nazareth:

> He said: I bring you meadow and winter,
> cypress and river, white oxen in the sun,
> a boy whose eyes scare dolphins high

as kites; the beautiful mirror of the incessant
zero; I bring you contradiction. (v. 21-25)

An ominous note has stolen in: "winter" is offered with "meadow" (v. 21), as is the fearfully "beautiful mirror of the incessant/ zero" (v. 24, 25). This "zero" can be interpreted as the necessity of believing, even in the face of absurdity, that "there is breach enough" in her God to answer impossibility. When realized, this breach must open her God-concept; expand it near to the emptiness of zero. As summary, almost as curse, the angel finally adds, "I bring you contradiction" (v. 25).

The reaction is predictable: fear, denial, dismissal. Restating her view of him as object, the girl slightingly tells the apparition,

. . . I'll leave you now, you incident,
and from my sight you'll fly, leaving
your wing's shadow caught on that shutter,
your spine breaking the light. I must get
off the dream and back to filling jars. (vi. 26-30)

She seems to suddenly deny his very existence outside her mind. This "thing" is nothing but a fancy, a strange, momentary hallucination constructed from sunlight, shadow, and a shutter—enough time wasted! Indeed, "I must get/ off the dream and back to filling jars" (vi. 29, 30).

Yet the "dream," alarmingly, persists. His gifts become more fantastic. Now, extravagantly, it is the Platonic Forms, angular and glowing as stained glass.

He said: I bring you flaring squares, circles,
perpendiculars, and trapezoids; I bring you
color from the sun. I bring you
folderol. You'll be Jehovah's honeycomb.
I bring you caravans, a burglary. (vii. 31-35)

Not only fantastic, even the angel regards his gifts as ridiculous. One must imagine him laughing at the irony with which he repeats, and so affirms, the girl's own pejorative: "I bring you/ folderol" (vii. 33, 34).

As a final "lure" he adds the wondrous image-prophecy: "You'll be Jehovah's honeycomb" (vii. 34). There are, of course, further conditions. The messenger also brings mysterious "caravans" and a burglary." The caravans might represent her life ahead, the bitterness sparingly laced with envisioned wonders. "Burglary," collecting all previous forbodings of "winter," "contradiction," and "mirror of the incessant zero," refers to the Son-to-be-stolen and hints at the violence and desolation of that theft.

Surprisingly, she is convinced and abruptly accepts:

She said: I will behave as filling jars were
all my life; I will decide to have a walk,
and incident, I shall not dance again

nor tremble when some doubtful thing steps on my sill.
And fell from heaven a dominion in her womb.
(viii. 36-40)

Life may not change greatly. The caves and camel humps and contradiction will make little external difference. Yet, these accepted gifts will leave little cause for dancing, or for trembling at the doubtful. The eventual, inevitable certainties of the mother of the Savior will be terrible enough.

Why the sudden belief and acceptance? Are the Platonic Forms, the caravans of the entire life, so appealing? They do not appear so. Perhaps the "Jehovah's honeycomb" is an inspiring, compelling self-vision? Perhaps. Perhaps too, however, the girl has finally seen a convincing indication that this is indeed God talking, rather than a day-dream.

That conviction would most probably rise from the God-characteristic she herself pointed out: the "breach;" the absurdity, the one telling aspect of an infinite Being. If such be her God-concept, the gift of "folderol" (vii. 34) would constitute conclusive evidence. Only *the* God could embrace absurdity and contradiction, display a sense of the ridiculous, of humor even, in so vital a transaction as Incarnation. Absurdity is "the sign" from him who sent this incident—convinced, the girl will "have truck" with him. Consequently, there "fell from heaven a dominion in her womb" (viii. 40).

In re-tracing the poem to define its meaning, one feels it leave the satisfaction of a problem solved, of a point made. The neat, sensibly non-existent God who offer-all-gifts and answers-all-questions is clearly rejected. This God is the "folderol" of day-dreams. The girl will not be convinced by fabulous offers of "satraps and camel humps," stars and raging kings. Try again, "incident."

As the angel's ramblings move nearer to her idea of deity, she begins to feel nervous. The proffered "winter," "mirror of the incessant zero," and "contradiction" sound uncomfortably like attributes of that tell-tale "breach" of the infinite God. However this is still mere "incident:" cold, emptiness, and diametric clash exist already—no need for miracle. Don't waste my time, she tells him, "I must get/ off the dream and back to filling jars" (vi. 29, 30).

The infallible God-sign of this skeptic virgin leaps from the seventh stanza: "folderol." More that a contradiction, this God is non-sensical. It is by the sign of folderol that she finally knows him.

The very images of the poem—bright, fresh, jumbled—prepare one for this absurd God. Stanza three displays seemingly unattached camel humps, rank shepherds, Herod-with-knife and carpenter Joseph busily sawing out escape hatches and chairs. The pastoral Nazareth snatches of stanza five, "meadow and winter/ cypress and river, white oxen in the sun" (v. 21, 22) contrast their quiet commonness against the apocryphal vision of "a boy whose eyes scare dolphins high/ as kites" (v. 23, 24). Folderol begins with the incessant emptiness of the

zero-mirror and continues, intensified, in stanza seven with Plato's flaring Forms, mere shape and color.

In the loveliest image of the poem, the angel promises, "You'll be Jehovah's honeycomb" (vii. 34), hollowed out, shot through and full of divine folderol herself, permeated with the Spirit and housing the body of the Son of God. The absurdity of the life ahead, the lives of three "caravans," lies evident in the veiled, ominous gift, the "burglary." Conflicting jumble of happiness and pain, miraculous and mundane, impossible belief and incessant ignorance: this is the promise accepted. "And fell from heaven a dominion in her womb" (viii. 40).

"L'Annunciazione" is deeply suggestive; studded with bright, startlingly recast Biblical, and even philosophic, images; haunting in tone, in meaning. The skeptical virgin is a fresh variation on the quiet, seemingly acquiescent young thing of Luke. Fresh and startling, because the girl's virtue traditionally rests in her very lack of skepticism. The poem spouts heresy, then? Perhaps. But perhaps too, there is "breach enough" in our God to admit an intelligently skeptical virgin, a semi-heretical poem—if it be that—and their folderol.

Ingenium Facetiarum Terenti

MARY ELLEN GORMICAN

Literary critics and philosophers have long recognized that the primary appeal of comedy is rooted in man's inner urge to misbehave, to break society's rules. Comedy deals with situations in which man's customary restraint is, in some manner and to some degree, suspended in favor of momentary release. This liberation is reflected mainly in the action and dialogue of the comic characters. However, it can be shared and heightened when the playwright takes the opportunity afforded him by the comic structure to comment on some feature of the social or literary systems under which he operates. Thus, "comic misbehavior" can exist on at least two distinct levels: on the level of character interaction, within the internal dramatic framework; and on the level of scene construction, dealing with the dramatic framework itself and the modes of expression from which the author synthesizes it. In Terence's comedy the *Andria* we find comic expression on both of these levels, and in one particular scene the two function as a cohesive and especially effective device. A closer look at the scene will illustrate the quality of Terence's humor and provide an example of sophisticated dramatic commentary in a comic setting.

In the *Andria,* the lady Glycerium has been seduced by Pamphilus, son of Simo, and is expecting his child. Pamphilus has promised Glycerium that he will marry her, but Simo has already arranged for his son to marry the daughter of Chremes. Pamphilus' slave Davus contrives to free his master from his obligation to Chremes' daughter, and when Simo learns that a counter-conspiracy is afoot he immediately focuses his suspicions on Davus and the slave's wiles.

When Glycerium's baby is born, the midwife comes out to the doorway of the house, where Simo and Davus happen to be standing, and shouts out her instructions to the attendants at the bedside. Simo already suspects that Glycerium's pregnancy was merely an invention of Davus' to thwart Pamphilus' marriage to Chremes' daughter, and this action of the midwife seems to confirm his suspicion. Simo turns on Davus, berating him for his lack of finesse in the game of deception. The old gentleman says, in effect, "Why should this woman come out on the street to bellow out instructions which should be given at the bedside, unless it is at your prompting?"

It is this very remark which provides the key to a totally different analysis of the scene. It was stage convention in Terence's day that all dialogue, even personal or secret in nature, be carried on at the doorway or out in the street. Thus, theoretically, it was in keeping with customary dramatic procedure that the midwife should come out to the doorway before addressing her remarks to the woman at Glycerium's bedside. But Terence, with an acute sense of the rightness of things and a sensitivity to the human situation, seems to have rebelled against this practice. Through the protests of Simo, which are appropriate to the plot progression, Terence at the same time expresses his own distaste for what he considers a silly stage convention. The "comic misbehavior" is two-fold: Simo, Davus, and the midwife generate humor on one level, which is enhanced by the subtle satirical flavor superimposed by Terence. The scene cuts two ways—the character and comment of Simo are apt vehicles for the playwright's dramatic criticism, and the very technique which Terence is criticizing is used as a fresh and effective means of comic expression within the play.

Terence's brand of humor transcends, for the most part, the inelegance and buffoonery characteristic of his comedian colleagues. His comedy is high comedy—sophisticated, sensitive, and provocative of that thoughtful laughter which Meredith characterizes as the special product of true Comedy. Terence's perception of human folly is reflected not only in the stance of his characters but also in the criticism which they utter, unknowingly, in an effective blend of internal harmony and transcendent dramatic commentary.

Upstairs, Downstairs

All night upstairs,
there are three quiet things:
Bobby, pigtail puller,
Betsy, pigtail wearer
and yellow bird who sings.

All day downstairs
a Mother knows how it goes:
the twins and yellow bird
run circus rings.

Comes father and the setting sun:
all night upstairs
are three quiet things:
Bobby, Betsy and yellow bird
who sleepily, quietly sings.

MONA VANCE

With Flourishing Typewriter

. . . to CAROL LADERER

One day I dreamt I was
e.e. cummings making all
s o r t s of NOnsense
into sense.

One day I dreamt I was
Robert Frost in a wood
writing about roads
dividing.

One day I dreamt I was
Shakespeare sonneting
about lovely lacy
secret ladies.

Today I woke up and found
in front of this typewriter
me, the to-be-discovered poet
dreaming poetry.

MONA VANCE

"God" and the Logical Positivist

CATHY HERDERING

"God" is a slippery term for the contemporary philosopher, simply because it designates a very slippery idea. "God" is generally defined as a transcendent, personal (this point is debated) being, infinite in all respects (except Incarnation, for those who hold this belief), unknown, unknowable, ineffable, and "wholly other." What can one make of such a being? "Everything!" cries the Theist; "Nothing." notes the Logical Positivist. This paper will consider the basis of the Positivist's "nothing" response as explained and developed by Alfred Jules Ayer in *Language, Truth, and Logic*[1] —and the criticisms which may be offered against it.

Ayer contends that the word "God,"[2] as it cannot be defined in terms of experience, is a metaphysical term and, as such, is meaningless. This conclusion can be traced to his "principle of verification" which holds that "a statement is held to be literally meaningful if and only if it is either analytic [i.e., a tautology][3] or empirically verifiable."[4] As Ayer sees it, the problem with statements containing "God" lies in the fact that, as they contain an empirically meaningless term, they themselves become meaningless: "if one allows that it is impossible to define God in intelligible terms, then one is allowing that it is impossible for a sentence both to be significant and to be about God."[5] Thus, while theological statements say nothing false, neither do they say anything true, for they say nothing.[6]

Does the Logical Positivist ever accept "God" as a meaningful term? Yes, Ayer remarks, "in cases where deities are identified with natural objects, assertions concerning them may be allowed to be significant."[7] Thus, if "Zeus is angry" is simply another way of announcing "It is thundering," such that the occurrence of thunder is, in itself, considered sufficient verification for the statement about Zeus, then Ayer would consider "Zeus is angry" meaningful.

The Gods of the philosopher Benedict de Spinoza, the biologist Edmund Sinnott, and the sociologist Erich Fromm appear, at first glance, to fall into this category of perceptible phenomena.

Spinoza states: "Whatever is, is in God, and without God nothing can be."[8] That is, "God" is equivalent to "the sum total of all existing things." Ayer would probably accept this God as intelligible with reservations, as only some statements about him could be considered empirical hypotheses. For example, "God is infinite" would be meaningful if interpreted as "The universe has no limits," because this statement could conceivably be scientifically verified. However, if "God is infinite" is taken to mean "God has an infinite number of attributes"[9] (i.e., essences), then the statement becomes nonsensical, because "attribute," in this context, is a metaphysical term.

As it stands, Spinoza's theology is an improvement over purely metaphysical theologies in that at least parts of it can be interpreted into verifiable statements. To be completely acceptable, however, Spinoza would have to re-define "God" as "the sum total of all *empirically* existing things," for though it is logically possible for imperceptible things to exist, we can never know they do.

Edmund Sinnott[10] seems to consider "God," at first, as that power or dispositional property of matter through which it organizes itself into living systems. Under this definition, "theology" becomes a synonym for "biology" and "life science;" "God," a synonym for "life." The Positivist, realizing this is no doubt delightedly planning to present his formerly irrational friend, Father Metaphysician, with his first lab coat.

Or, he *was* delighted, for Sinnott suddenly begins calling this "Principle of Organization an *attribute* of God, and hence, no longer a disposition. Further, "God" not only begins to lose its lovely concrete definition, but distintegrates further into the hopeless muddle of such statements as: the human spirit "is continuous, I suggest, with a Divine Spirit of which it is one manifestation"[11] and "we can picture life, man, and God as steps in a hierarchical order, manifestations of the same organizing and creative power."[12, 13] Although the Positivist found Sinnott very promising at first, it is evident that his thinking, or at least his statements, finally fall to depths even a metaphysician would not accept.

Erich Fromm's "God" stands out as unique from the three considered. Fromm himself defines the term as a symbol and a second name for an already-named and familiar phenomenon, while Spinoza and Sinnott have strained to create theories and systems to attach "God" to, leaving it for the analyst to make the best empirical sense of the term he can. Fromm's God is a symbol standing for "the highest value, the most desirable good. Hence, the specific meaning of God depends on what is the desirable good for a person."[14]

Thus, "God" for a child on her sixth birthday might consist of Christmas and birthday parties, a yellow organdy dress with a satin sash, chocolate ice

cream cones, Winnie-the-Pooh, and her mother's presence during a thunder storm. At sixteen, however, her "God" has developed into a date with the captain of the football team, a yellow silk formal, the answer to "What and why am I?" and hazy dreams of nursing and engagement rings.

This girl's "Gods" are not quite what Fromm has in mind, however, for she is not a "truly religious person." To the religious individual

> God becomes . . . a symbol in which man, at an earlier stage of his evolution, has experienced the totality of that which man is striving for, the realm of the spiritual world of love, truth, and justice . . . To love God, if he were going to use this word, would mean, then, to long for the attainment of the full capacity to love, for the realization of that which "God" stands for in oneself.[15]

In this ideal of humanism, Ayer might find a literally meaningful definition of "God," even though that definition would vary with each person's idea of "highest value" and "most desirable good."

Yet, the definitions of "God" acceptable to the Positivist are decidedly not what most Theists mean by the term. Are there any other intelligible explanations as to what they do mean?

The thoughtful young Theist in the front row has been looking increasingly upset through the discussion. He lights up suddenly with a rebuttal. "Ha! You've forgotten religious experience, which *is* an empiric verification in so far as it's perception. And as statement about occurrences of experience are 'basic propositions,'[16] even Ayer admits they're *conclusively* verified!"

Before treating the claim that religious experience can be considered empiric verification of "God" statements, it would be best to clarify the idea and implications of "basic propositions" as Ayer defines them. It is the verbal recording of single experiences that Ayer claims cannot be doubted, not the description or interpretation of experience. Thus, the mystic may tell us he had a religious experience last night and expect us to believe him,[17] but he may not describe the experience or tell us that it proves the existence of God because "He *told* me he exists!" and expect us to believe this also.

Can religious experience supply any intelligible meaning for the term "God?" No, Ayer replies, because the genuine mystic always maintains that he cannot describe his experience and "If a mystic admits that the object of his vision is something which cannot be described, then he must also admit that he is bound to talk nonsense when he describes it."[18] Ayer further maintains that the mystic aquires no new knowledge during his experience. "If he really had acquired any information, he would be able to express it," and express it intelligibly. "He would be able to indicate in some way or other how the genuineness of his discovery might be empirically determined."[19]

Is Ayer being irrational? To offer a counter example, in a world of blind men, the few who were sighted would perhaps sound as crazy talking about "colors" as mystics do when speaking of "God." The sighted man could never

indicate to a blind audience "how the genuineness of his discovery [of color] might be empirically determined," and the mystic may have developed a "sixth sense" which places him in a similar position.

The objection might be raised here that, even if a sixth sense world exists, men still need some criterion by which to identify God. John Hick[20] has a similar problem when he speaks of a "resurrection world" after death. How will men know which one of the things in that world is God? Life of some sort after death may be natural to man. Unless God can make himself identifiable there may still be atheists in this resurrection world.[21]

Linguistic criteria are one suggested solution. One might consider God's existence verified when expressions such as "three divine persons in one God" become comprehensible. Thus, the blind man might be handed a ball striped red, blue and green, and told he will know what "sighted" means when he understands the expression "three colors and one ball."

The problem remains, however, that while the physically sighted man can indeed see, the mystic would not claim that clarity of perfect vision. Paul, even after his experience on the road to Damascus, could only point to the future to justify his belief: "Now we see in a mirror, obscurely; then we will see face to face" (I Cor. 13:12). It seems, then, that the mystic, if he possesses a sixth sense, finds it inadequate for attaining more than a momentary and perhaps imperfect impression of the object of his faith. This is certainly not sufficient to establish an accurate or workable God-recognition criterion for those with only five senses.

Apparently only the man actually living the life-after-death can possess the sixth sense vision clearly enough to enable him to establish future God-recognition criteria for the man living the life-before-death. Unfortuantely, though, the men living the after-life, if there be any, do not communicate with those in the before-life. If there *are* possible criteria for God-recognition, linguistic or otherwise, they are not accessible prior to death. Perhaps one should postulate an "eschatological criteria training period" separating the before-life from, and preparing one for, the after-life.

Ayer, allowing none of these considerations, holds that "from empirical premises nothing whatsoever concerning the properties, or even the existence, of anything super-empirical can ligitimately be inferred."[22] William James, in his article "Mysticism,"[23] considers *both* Ayer's statement and those of the mystics true because, for James, this type of experience is "super-empirical" only for those who have never known it:

> The incomunicableness of the transport is the keynote of all mysticism. Mystical truth exists for the individual who has the transport, but for no one else. In this . . . it resembles the knowledge given to us in sensations.[24]

And again:

> Our senses . . . have assured us of certain states of fact; but mystical experiences are as direct perceptions of fact for those who have them as any sensations ever were for us . . . even though the five senses be in abeyance in them, they are absolutely sensational in their epistemological quality . . . that is, they are face-to-face presentations of what seems immediately to exist.[25]

If James is correct in maintaining that mysticism is simply a sixth empirical state, Ayer's criticism, which is based on the assumption that there are only five such states, must collapse.

Daya Krishna, in "Religious Experience, Language, and Truth,"[26] supports James with the observation that

> The truths of religion are not contained in a set of propositions which can be made a subject of analysis . . . Every religion prescribes a pattern of practices . . . something to be *done* to realize God . . . a realization in terms of which the religious statements get their meaning and their verification.[27]

Krishna is suggesting that the blind skeptic cannot remain blind and expect to be given an adequate explanation of color in *his* empirical terms. Perhaps the Logical Positivist should join a mystical religion and aquire the sixth sense before he begins his criticism. One cannot analyse a language he does not understand, and it is unjust to discard such language as meaningless *except* for those who do not possess the faculties necessary to perceive the objects to which the language refers. Judging from Paul, however, even the mystic cannot fully remember his experience or, if he does, does not consider it a complete perception of God or the after-life.

There seem to be two types of "religious" or "mystic" experience which are not generally distinguished from each other: first, the apparently cognitive experience (Ayer flatly denies that any mystic state can be "genuinely cognitive"[28] on grounds treated above); second, the non-cognitive feeling experience of an awe-fullness or "otherness." James is the only writer who considers the mystic experience a cognitive state. He illustrates the type of knowledge the mystic gains about God and "God" with the following "insights" of Dionysius the Areopagite (?-540 A.D.):

> The cause of all things is neither soul nor intellect; nor has it imagination, opinion, or reason, or intelligence, nor is it reason or intelligence; nor is it spoken or thought. It is neither number, nor order, nor magnitude, nor littleness, nor equality, nor inequality, nor similiarity, nor dissimilarity. It neither stands, nor moves, nor rests . . . It is neither essence, nor eternity, nor time. Even intellectual contact does not belong to it. It is neither science nor truth. it is not even royalty or wisdom; not one; not unity; not divinity or goodness; nor even spirit as we know it.[29]

"Great description of nothing!" comments a fifth-row Positivist, even though James has protested that "these qualifications are denied by Dionysius, not because the truth falls short of them, but because it so infinitely excells them."[30]

"Hogwash!" (same Positivist).

Yes. For although it might be pointed out that at least Dionysius knows what he doesn't know, *what* he doesn't know anything about is still undetermined ("first" says nothing about the nature of "cause"). Is this "literal" knowledge? The answer to this question must be left open by those who have not yet aquired the sixth sense. A second solution would be to follow Krishna's advice, become mystics, and re-attack the problem.

The second type of religious experience, apparently by far the most common, is simply a unique set of feeling states. It is over these feelings that the hottest battles of the religious experience debate are fought. One wonders why this should be so; the mere fact that one experiences "awe-ful" or "wholly other" feelings, does not imply the existence of a being with these qualities, but only a quirk of the human psyche.[31]

In his article, "Knowledge, Intelligence, and Religious Symbols,"[32] John Randall points out that while religious experience "can indeed function . . . in the religious life, it is clearly by no means necessary to that life. And it can occur quite apart from the religious situation, as the effect of certain drugs, for example."[33] Ayer,[34] Julian Huxley,[35] and Ruldolf Otto all point out that this awe-ful feeling arises in the face of any mystery, religious or not:

> Any form of the numinous [mystic] consciousness may be stirred by means of feelings analogous to it of a "natural" kind, and then itself pass over into these, or, more properly, be replaced by them . . . Whatever upon the world of [man's] ordinary concerns becomes something terrifying and baffling to the intellect; whatever among natural occurrences or events . . . has set him astare in wonder and astonishment—such things have ever aroused in man, and become endued with, the "daemonic dread" and numinous feeling, so as to become "portents," "prodigies," and "marvels." Thus and only thus is it that "the miraculous" rose.[36]

Utilizing this knowledge, Ayer and Huxley point out that the cause of the battle between science and religion lies in the fact that scientific explanations, by rendering mysteries intelligible, destroy religion's awe-ful feelings. It seems that to retain her mystic feelings intact, religion must oppose the advances of knowledge which destroy those feelings. Edmund Sinnott notes that for the scientist, "God" often appears to be little more than a temporary, mythical "explanation" for problems science hasn't yet answered.[37]

So far, religious experience has been unable to provide any meaning for "God" intelligible to non-mystics or even indicate a reason why one should

postulate the existence of a super-empirical being.[38] But there is one last "proof" that the mystic has experienced whatever-"God"-is that many Theists cling to; that is, the effect of the vision on the mystic's life:

> If we cannot understand the nature of the experience that the great mystics have undergone, how are we to judge it? . . . by its effects.[39]
>
> [The Church] has no real test of the genuinity of the [mystic] phenomena except her own faith and the performance of the mystic; if the alleged mystic leads a truly Christian life, if the mystic exhibits heroic Christian virtues, then there is no reason to doubt that the mystic has experienced God in an extradordinary manner.[40]

Bertrand Russell, however, seems to demolish this idea with the observation that although an experience may have a good effect on one's life, that effect does not prove the existence of something outside the experiencer. And even if one does believe in an outside cause, the fact that that "belief has a good moral effect . . . is no evidence whatsoever in favor of its truth."[41]

Russell's statement can be countered with another example of the blind man. One who cannot see should at least believe that the man who claims vision has some mysterious power, for he can walk quickly without falling or fear of injury. Is heroic virtue, then, the empirical manifestation of the mystic's vision? This solution from analogy breaks down at this point, for the ability to walk quickly without fear belongs *only* to physically sighted men. One would not want to claim that heroic virtue is limited to mystics.

So much for meanings for "God" from religious experience. Has the Theist any rational ground left to stand on? Ayer doesn't think so. Yet, surprisingly, neither do many contemporary Theists who, shockingly, seem rather proud of their rational groundlessness.

Three of these admittedly irrational Theists are Soren Kierkegaard, Robert Short, and Raymond Nogar. Kierkegaard names the "unknown something with which the reason collides when inspired by its paradoxical passion,"[42] "God." He asks:

> What then is the Unknown? It is the limit to which the Reason repeatedly comes . . . it is the different, the absolutely different . . . when qualified as absolutely different it seems on the verge of disclosure, but this is not the case; for the Reason cannot even conceive an absolute unlikeness.[43]

Kierkegaard would enthusiastically agree with Ayer that "it is impossible for a sentence both to be significant and to be about God,"[44] for if a statement about God were significant, "God" would necessarily have to be an intelligible term and Kierkegaard will not confess to such a God.

Robert Short is one of the frankest irrational Theists; he not only admits his belief is ridiculous, but even stands back to laugh at its genuine absurdity himself:

> His blind faith, or love, always gives the Christian a certain comic aspect: But if the *nature* of belief is a good subject for comedy, *what* the Christian believes can be considered even more comic—for basically the Christian faith is absurd, impossible, and foolish; it is "a stumbling block to the Jews and folly to the Gentiles" (I Cor. 1:23); it is not only without reason, but it is positively an *offense* to man's reason.[45]

Raymond Nogar's God is equally offensive, this time for many Theists. Nogar packs up and tosses out every "Grand system" from Thomas Aquinas to Teilhard de Chardin as untenable in view of what he considers to be a monstrously "messy" cosmos. He states that while de Chardin's God

> is the God of the neat; mine is the God of the messy. His God governs with unerring efficiency; mine provides with inexcusable waste. His God is impeccably regular; mine is irresponsible. His God is the Lord of order; my God is the Lord of the Absurd.[46]

For both Short and Nogar, "God" does not simply designate an unintelligible being, but an absurd being: laughably, offensively ridiculous and demanding a faith which, if honest, must admit the same qualities.

The front-row Theist looks rather blank. The Positivist shakes his head muttering "Crazy, absolutely *crazy!,*" realizing that these men would cheerfully agree with him.

In his introduction to *The Existence of God,*[47] John Hick gives a concise summary of this particular Theist viewpoint: neither a priori nor a posteriori reasoning can establish either the existence or the meaning of "God."

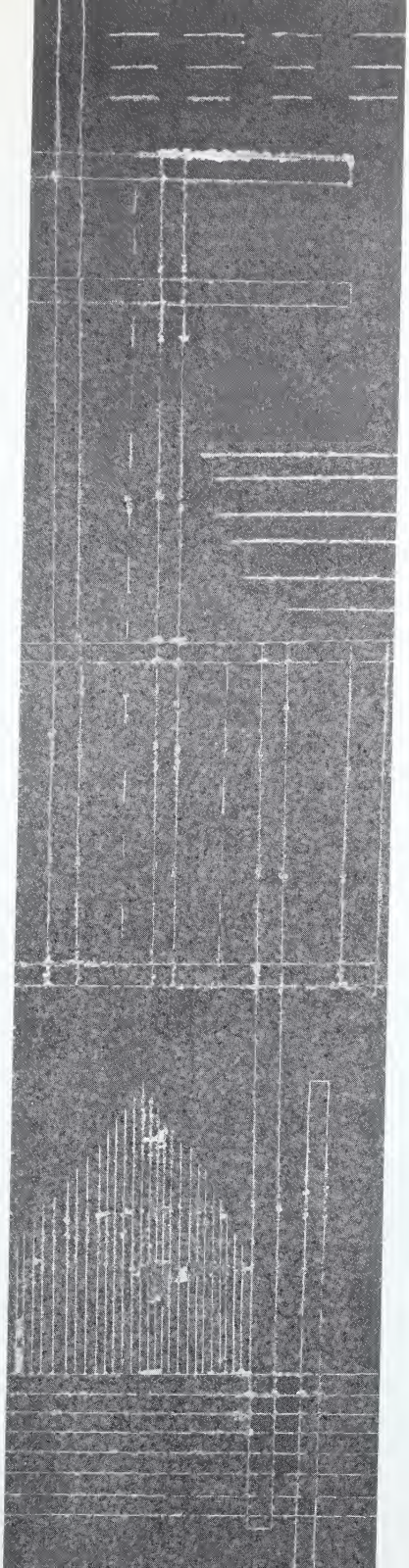
> These considerations are of course all entirely independent of the question *whether* God exists. They merely show why it is logically inappropriate to seek to settle the question by means of proofs. If there is a God, this is a fact which must be known in some other way than by means of philosophical argumentation.[48]

It seems that the only remaining question might be whether there *are* any valid means, other than philosophical argumentation, by which one could gain knowledge of what "God" is. Perception alone remains, and it is on this ground that the Theist must finally stand, however precariously, even as the Atheist does. Perception of what?—perhaps of good; of a contingent, "messy," or orderly cosmos; perhaps of some sixth-sense, mystic experience; perhaps of a feeling, based on these perceptions, of awe-fullness, of conviction, or of some worth in belief.

Whenever man steps into the realm of the unknown, he walks blindly whether he is Theist or Atheist. It seems that Ayer side-steps the Unknown quagmire, never even entering it. Not that he denies the *existence* if those things which man does not and cannot know, he merely denies the "literal" *significance* of those things. Is this position justified?

The argument simmers down to this: Ayer's sole contention is that "God" is an unintelligible term *for man.* He takes no stand on the questions of whether or not the class or "God" is empty and of whether "God" might be objectively meaningful (i.e., if the class "God" has a member, for him the term is intelligible). Our statements containing "God," while incomprehensible to us, may in fact have significance to whatever "God" is, if he is. However, Ayer is speaking for men: What is unintelligible *to us* is not literally significant *for us,* so just forget it.

But some men will not "forget it" and *will* pursue the "Unknown" against (for Ayer) all common sense, and with the arrogant admission that they do, in a sense, "play the fool."[49] The rational man is too astonished to laugh with these Theists at their comic absurdity, he can only shake his head and mutter "Crazy!"



Twelve Ways of Looking at a Cash Register

1.
a cash register
is a ballet floor
fingers are five dancers
caressing black as they
make their own music

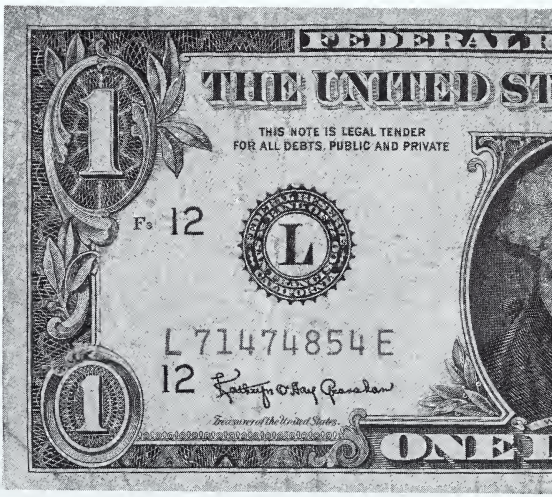
2.
waves of cool green
ocean in a cash drawer
my hand dives--paper

3.
shades of mankind
in unrepeated pattern
kaleidoscope in turn
with register as breaking-point

4.
he comes to the register
familiar as a friend,
in for his third quart today
(should we ring that as profit
or loss------)

5.
smell of wet pavement
cold-opening door
register rain-sound

6.
cash-register machine:
pre-programmed finger-moves
automatic smile
recording:
and how are you today?


FEDERAL
THE UNITED ST
THIS NOTE IS LEGAL TENDER
FOR ALL DEBTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE
Fs 12
L
L 71474854 E
12
ONE

SERVE NOTE
TES OF AMERICA
L 71474854 E
WASHINGTON, D.C.
12
SERIES 1963 A
Henry H. Fowler 12
DOLLAR

7.
a cash register
is a flame station
a place of lighting smile-wicks
in dark faces

8.
blank-faced cash register
clumsy fingers tripping
on dirty keys
din of countless cans:
last and eternal half-hour

9.
odd-job worker
tests every ring-up
fingers his 30-per-week
registers despair

10.
beware the hypnotising register
who distracts your focus
and lets drop all your shields

11.
he who dares
to run a cash register
must first of all
be a philosopher

12.
punch the register keys
spin the wheels of fortune
total the fate
of this week's wage

MARGARET A. MC CLEAN

Malibu Dane

That Malibu Sunday was a marbled vision
of leaping wave lions, silver
and jeweled, heraldric and enraged; clawing
at a mist sun and the cloud sand,
curling up thighs with locks of chilling
mane foam: a music or time
called ocean.
Then jester Yorick came.
The lions sprang in screaming silence, and froze
rampant, claws circling a frozen sun.
They knew the naked skull that glistened, bobbed
through shining troughs. The herald roared, announced
his lord in gleaming socket pools.
I knew
the Dane in sea silence. Yorick
and rampant wave lions witnessed.

The conversation:
Sweet Prince, is prison
Denmark better dreamt than being boxed in?
Or do you dream? Old Danish bone, one question:
I carry a Yorick cranium, clothed, upon
my shoulders; smell a prison in its nutshell confines.
Is extra-cranial life more spacious?
You hear
these lions screaming silence. Dane, you know
that beat, the nutshell echo. Remember
dungeons, wards, and confines—shape of this fragile
mortal Elsinore—and sound an echo answer.
You know, or dream perchance. Sweet Prince, then dream
aloud.
But I heard lions growl
then, and saw Yorick's skull gleam
small behind me, sand colored
and lost against the grains of beach.
Wave lions leapt in thunder,
drowning the Dane's silence, splattering
the clawed sun with topaz and pearl.

I think there is no thought or dream beyond
this nutshell. Sound, if only echoes, would
free all captives chained in Elsinore
wards or rampant Hamlet dreams, and frozen
Yorick silence. Even dreamers would
pity, speak, and break this Danish damnation.

CATHY HERDERING

A Little Weird

. . . to DONNA PANNONE

A little weird man
is passing out lollipops
"have a lollipop"
(have sunshine?
have love?)

A little weird man
is offering lollipops
"have a lollipop"
(have warmth? have
each other?)

A little weird man
is passing out
himself and the peo-
ple say
"i don't like orange"
(i don't like sunshine?
we don't want love?
we don't need each other?)
and you are just a little weird
man anyway
passing out.

MONA VANCE

100% Synthetic

What happened to the days called yester,
When things were cotton,
Not polyester?

The label reads genuine synthetic,
And THAT is completely pathetic.
Acrylic, tricot, arnel and dacron,
What is the item—but a simple apron.

What happened to the days of yore,
Before the era of
"Ship and Shore?"

Please be careful,
Do not scorch,
Or your perky acetate
May turn to torch!

Too bad the days of old are gone
Because we cannot fortrel the future!

ANNETTE JACOBSON

Washington Square

The twin spires sear a
marian blue sky;
the gulls above,
white and city gray, fly

over a spire for Peter
a spire for Paul;
and below, in the square,
mothers call

to children laughing, playing.
Old men wait
while fog horns haul the sun down
over the Golden Gate.

The children and their mothers drift home;
old men end the day,
as night creeps through the alleys
in Baghdad by the Bay.

SUE BINGHAM

La Despedida

DIANE HEISS

El lago está en calma, sosegado, tranquilo; el sol se filtra por las hojas y las ramas de los árboles. El caliente sol besa las margaritas que crecen alrededor del agua. Nadie se fija en ellos, a pesar de su belleza. Sólo se nota un botecillo de remos que está en la orilla.

El bote está hecho de ásperas tablas y estas tablas ya están alabeadas y llenas de diminutas rendijas y rajas. Así pues, siempre hay dos o tres pulgadas de agua en el fondo--agua sucia, llena de residuo. El sol, brillando sobre el barquito, saca el débil perfume de la madera cálida.

Un viejo, sentado en el botecito, se prepara para salir, dejando a su querida esposa. Trata otra vez de explicarle la razón por la que tiene que salir . . . . ella no entiende . . . . no la entenderá nunca.

Los densos, oscuros, y pesados remos hacen salpicar el agua al hundirse en ella. La sombra del barquito cae sobre la orilla, y el sonido del agua se mezcla con el sonido de sus lágrimas.

Winter's Prelude

All night, upstairs
the old man plucks the strings
of a lute—for Cia, for Zita, and
for Maria.

For Cia, he plays
soft as April in the Apennines.
In dawn light she comes to him,
smelling of sun and wine.
Small breasts, round and firm as lemons,
betray her child eyes. Laughing, she follows
the crane across fields of rice.

For Zita he plays
sea chords, vibrant and crashing
as July's heat at Rimini. In noon's
white glaze she beckons him
with parched lips and promises
the sweetness of sun-ripe melons.
Her eyes linger on a circling gull.

For Maria he plays
silent as the Veronese poplars
in October. In the moonlight she sits
on the fountain steps of the Piazza Erba.
Drops of light play on her face and the child
at her breast. Her eyes caress the
child with the softness of cooing pigeons.

All night, upstairs
the old man caresses the strings
of a lute—ah mia, ah mia, ah mia.

LAURIE BRASS

seasons: changing themes

i

spring tingles
with daffodils
and merry goes
round the kite-happy

ii

the wind bowls
spring into summer
heat which
drinks up lemonade
and ocean sprays

iii

summer sets
autumn aflame
to celebrate
the sun yellow day
of thanks and giving

iv

autumn bleaches
and birds
pepper southern skies:
the seasons
sleep in winter.

SISTER BEATRICE ALOP, CSJ

Atlantic Honors

SHORT STORY
Merit Paper
Laurie Brass . . . . . *Cecil's Love Potion Supreme*

ESSAYS
Third Place
Cathy Herdering . . . . . *Deaths Put on by Stupid and Forced Cause: The Fabricated Absurd*

Honorable Mention
Stephanie Lewis . . . . . *Tolkien: The Living and the Dead*

POETRY
Merit Poems
Sister Beatrice Alop, CSJ . . . . . *Six Ways of Looking at a Yak*
Marsha Corrigan . . . . . *The Pyrrhic Jeremiad*
Cathy Herdering . . . . . *Medea Cinder*

Cabrini Awards

SHORT STORIES
First Prize
Margaret A. McClean . . . . . *Papa*

Second Prize
Melanie Link . . . . . *Summer Detour*

Honorable Mention
Patricia Schreiber . . . . . *The Empty Counter Stool*

ESSAYS
Third Prize
Darlene Ferencz . . . . . *World Storm: The Future?*

Honorable Mention
Cathy Herdering . . . . . *Honeycomb of Folderol: An Analysis of Ned O'Gorman's "L'Annuciazione"*
Melanie Link . . . . . *The Language of Zoo*

POETRY
First Prize
Laurie Brass . . . . . *Winter's Prelude*

Third Prize
Melanie Link . . . . . *It's the FFF of Fate and I Ain't Laughin*

Honorable Mention
Patricia Schreiber . . . . . *Juvenile Hall*